

For the Love of a Lady

Chapter 41 ANOTHER RESCUE

Before the dismal inn at the land-lord, his helper Sam and a rough man whose garments smacked of ships and the sea, all drinking ale, "Fifteen golden guineas, Sam." "Lord, Master Tucker, a load of money it be!" "And a right, proper gentleman he be—"

"For sure, Sam, ain't he a lord and vi-count?"

"'E sure du seemed in mighty 'urry!"

"And no wonder, w' such a 'and-some creature waiting, I never seen a finer young woman."

"Though turble fiery, Master Tucker."

"Well, being a man o' spirit, I likas 'em fiery. Wot eyes! Wot a shape—wot a—"

Came to them a faint rhythmic sound—growing ever louder—now thundering in the road toward the inn.

"The vi-count at last!" shouted the landlord.

"Ay!" cried Sam, pointing.

"Ay, but," quoth the landlord—" 'e's coming from the wrong 'irection."

"Well, 'tis no wonder," cried Sam, "you be not the vi-count!"

"Why then, 'oo is 'e, Sam?" wheezed 'e a-coming to—"

For now, as they watched this rapidly approaching horseman, he swerved from the road and, with-out checking his wild career, came galloping straight at them.

"In—in w' ye," cried the land-lord, "All three tumbled into the tap-room, pell-mell, but when they would have shut the door—there-up-rearing was a foam-flecked horse with mighty hoofs lashing above the very threshold."

Then his rider was out of the saddle and next moment the little dinky taproom rang with the sounds of furious combat, awild uproar that, suddenly subsiding, gave place to silence broken only by a voice that groaned and a voice that gasped.

"If only them white-livered dogs 'adn't run and left me!" wailed the groaning voice.

"Where . . . is . . . she?" demanded the gasping voice.

"Aloft, mate. And if only them lubberly dogs—"

"Look . . . at this!" panted Sir Richard, showing a small, silver-mounted pistol. "Lie where . . . you are, or—"

"Lead love ye, mate—I don't want to move. I'm a lamb! But if them lily-livered dogs—"

But Sir Richard was off, stumbling up the dark and narrow stair.

"Helen!" he called, and was answered by a cry wildly glad and eager.

"Richard . . . Oh, Richard, pray—or pray come to me . . . they've locked me in . . . Oh, Richard—"

He backed away and hurried himself against the door, yet thrice it swung wide. . . . And then—almost before he knew it, she was in his arms, laughing and sobbing, shivering and clinging to him in a very passion of thankfulness.

"Hold me, Richard!" wailed she, in small, pleading voice. "Hold me fast, fast—oh, Richard!"

She moaned and clasped him the tighter, and hew as stroking this lovely head that pillowed itself upon his ragged coat with such unwonted and most delightful humility.

"Dick, full-o'-love, thou 'rt very 'Oh, Dick," she sighed, "Oh, damp!"

"A bucket of water!" he explained.

"And thou 'rt a very dusty Dick!" "I shall spoil thy finery?"

"Then—pray spoil it . . . Thy heart beats like very steel, Dick."

"I . . . I've been busy."

"Indeed, I heard you—'twas like thunders and earthquakes."

"Come . . . shall we go?"

"Ay, but whither?"

"To the Moat House."

"No, no, 'twere madness!" And here her hands stole up to creep and clasp themselves about his neck.

"You would be seen—and if they took thee again!"

"'Twill nothing matter. For to-night, Helen, if all goes well—"

A hoarse voice bellowed loudly from the road.

"Oh, God pity me!" gasped Helen. "They are back . . . the Vi-count."

"'Eh—Brocklehurst? Come, let us go look!"

Hand clasping hand they crept from the room, and so to the front of the tavern whence they might peep down at the road.

A horse—'ed the grass before the inn, while immediately below the lattice, wherefrom they peeped, stood the tall, unlovely figure of Jonas Skag.

Sir Richard peered down, measured the distance with his eye and, squeezing through the casement, had vanished before Helen might stay him. She heard a hoarse cry, and, looking down, beheld two forms that writhed and twisted . . . Shrinking from the lattice she covered her face, and in that same moment heard a cheery voice calling her name; so she fled from the room and down the stair out into 'e's not twilight.

"Richard . . . ah, how could you?" she wailed.

"We needed this fellow's horse," he explained. "The poor beast I rode is well-nigh foundered." So saying he swung to saddle and reached her his hand.

"Up with you, child—you foot on my toe—now!"

Mutely she obeyed and next moment was seated before him in the crook of his bride-arm.

"Lord, mate, and wot o' pore Jonas—'ave ye killed 'im?" asked a dolorous voice.

"No, the hangman shall do that for him one day, belike. The rogue will be cursing lustily anon."

"Well, mate, you've the luck on '—but if only them lily-souled, lousy—"

"But Sir Richard was off and away, riding at furious pace and with sombre eyes watching the gathering dusk, and yet supremely conscious of the lovely face so very near his own, of the silky tresses that tickled his neck, his ear, his cheek with such determined persistence, and of all the warm, soft, yielding, extremely feminine tenderness of her.

"Alas, thy poor face!" she murmured, so tenderly that instinctively his arm tightened about her.

Then they rode silently again, Richard ever pressing the horse for added speed. At last my lady spoke:

"Why must we hurry so?"

"The evening falls apace. 'Tis some miles to the Moat House. There is much to do."

Helen smiled shyly and spoke: "Then—why not do it, Richard, and be done?"

"Because what is to do, if all goes well tonight, is to be done at the Moat House."

"Why there, Richard?"

"Because my two best, my two most faithful friends await me there."

"And what is to do there, Richard?"

"A matter that something toucheth my future welfare."

"Pray Richard, what matter?"

"That which shall, I hope, prove the faith of friends in me no vain thing."

"Who?" she asked. "Who are these so kind and faithful friends?"

"Madam the Duchess, your aunt."

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE The Cleanup

AW, I DON'T WANTA TAKE YER MONEY—GAMBLIN'S WRONG, TOO—ANYWAY, I'D BE A SUCKER TO TRY TO PLAY YER GAME—

ALL RIGHT—ANY GAME YOU SAY—YOU NAME IT—WANTA MATCH QUARTERS? THAT'S A GOOD GAME—

TAILS!

TOO BAD! IT'S HEADS!!! PAY ME—BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME—YOU'RE MATCHIN ME AGAIN—

WELL, BOYS, IF YUH HAVEN'T ANY MORE DOUGH I GUESS I'LL BE GOIN' HOME— I'VE MADE ABOUT ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY— ANY WAY I WANTA GET TO TH' BANK WITH THIS BEFORE THEY CLOSE UP—

GREAT SCOTT! DIDJA NOTICE? SHE DIDN'T LOSE ONCE—

WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE—

SHE MUSTA MADE OVER TEN DOLLARS—

HOW DID SHE DO IT? WHO ASKED HER INTO TH' GAME ANYWAY?

REG'LAR FELLERS

OUR PUPPY IS GETTIN' FIERCET! HE EATS SHOES!

Stringing Puddinhead

WHAT KIND? RUSSET OR BLACK ONES?

GOSH! I WOULDN' WANNA EAT SHOES!

By Gene Byrnes

OH I DON'T KNOW! SHOE STRINGS ARE PRETTY GOOD TO EAT!

By Gene Byrnes

I LOVE EM WHEN THEY'RE MADE OUTA POTATERS!

TAILSPIN TOMMY

Skeeter Does Like The Place

AFTER A DAY'S DELAY IN PORTO DIABLO, DURING WHICH THE BOYS HAVE CAREFULLY CHECKED OVER THEIR PLANE, SERVICED IT WITH RESERVE FUEL SUPPLY AND MADE A FEW MINOR REPAIRS, THEY ARE READY TO HOP OFF TO EL TOHANIA— AT LEAST, TOMMY IS—

THE STORM HAS CLEARED, SENOR. THIS OFFICE CAN NOW RECOMMEND THE FLYING CONDITIONS AS FAVORABLE

THANK YOU, SIR. I AM READY TO START, BUT MY COMPANION SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DETAINED

COME ON, DON Q. ROMEO. LET'S GET GOING!

WHAT'S TH' RUSH? I LIKE IT HERE. BESIDES IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN

GOOD BYE, CUTEY. PLEASED TO HAVE METCHA. LEGGO NOW. I GOTTA GO PLACES— BUT I'LL SEND YOU A POSTAL CARD—

KISS THE GAL, SHEETS, AND LET'S BEAT IT—YOU OLD HEART-ACHE!

NO! NO! NO! GEEVE TO DOLORES THOSE BEES KEES BEFORE YOU MAKE THE FLY FROOM HER!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

DUMB DORA

An Open Secret

GOODNESS! HOW MYSTERIOUS

DORA: MEET ME IN THE BUTLER'S PANTRY AT ONCE. I'VE GOT A PLAN FOR GIVING EMILY THE SLIP ON THE DAY OF THE WEDDING ROO.

WHY SO MUCH SECRECY?

SHH—I'VE GOT A GREAT PLAN FOR GETTING OUT OF THIS MARRIAGE. BUT NO-BODY MUST KNOW—COME INTO THE LIBRARY

I SEE—I'M TO KEEP THE CAR RUNNING JUST OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE TO THE DE SWOOP ESTATE

THAT'S RIGHT—I'LL HAVE A LADDER PLACED AT THE WINDOW

WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL THAT NOBODY HEARS OF OUR PLANS

I WON'T TELL A SOUL

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, MAGGIE'S ASLEEP, SO I'LL SNEAK IN AN GIT ME HANDS IN THAT ICE-BOX AN' PUT A DENT INTO THIS EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET.

BOY, I DON'T CARE IF I GIT ALL OUT OF SHAPE—ELEVEN DAYS OF DIETIN' IS ENOUGH.

SO! YOU INSECT! JUST FOR THAT YOU WILL START ALL OVER ON YOUR DIET.

BY GOLLY I'VE GOT TO EAT SOMETHING—I'M STARVED—

McManus

MUTT AND JEFF

It's A Record Even If They Don't Do It

WELL, WE DRANK THE BEST GASOLINE AND COULDN'T STAY UP TEN NIGHTS!

KID, WE'LL GO AFTER ANOTHER RECORD!

LISTEN, JEFF. HOW ABOUT SWIMMING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WITHOUT GREASE?

NIX, NIX, MUTT! THAT'S TOO IMMEDIATE!

I GOT IT! LET'S RIDE AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE!

LET'S DON'T AND SAY WE DID!

KID, WE ARE FLYING TO CHINA UPSIDE DOWN!

By Bud Fisher

ACROSS

1. Walk

6. Vibration

11. Simple form of helmet

12. Focaled

14. Thoroughfare; abut.

15. Awaiting falsely

17. Worthless slang

18. Curled fabric

20. Hostile

21. Horse

22. Vulgar admirer of position

23. Chemical suffix

24. Suede

25. English novelist

28. Charity

29. Part of the eye

30. Curly rug; ornament

31. Body of water

32. City in California

34. Ancient alphabetic character

35. Hawaiian food

36. Frowns

38. Half egg

39. Stationary ball

41. Old cloth measure

DOWN

8. Preposition

9. Novitates

10. Nims

13. Progress for a contest

16. Month

19. One named for office

26. City in Switzerland

27. Civil wildity

29. Disreputable

33. Beer

37. Lightly

40. Barked a tooth-bull

42. Hospital vessel

43. Decks of battlehips

44. Female calf

45. Indignant

47. Wallow

48. A wet place

49. Adhesive

50. Berles

51. Emperor

52. Black birds

53. Spanish article

54. High mountain

55. Salt

56. Island near New York

57. Morbidity

58. Ancient Roman official

59. Greek letter

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